(16)

REFLECTIONS,

Moral, Comical, Satyrical, &c.

ON THE

VICES *and* FOLLIES *of the* AGE.

CONTAINING,

I. The Retirement; or, the Poet's last Wish.
II. A Pastoral upon the Death of Capt. *John Tutchin*, late Author of the *Observator*.
III. A Song on *Tunbridge-Wells*.
IV. An Epistle to *Lariſſa*, on her leaving me without telling the Cause.
V. On a Gentleman who took his Cloaths on Tick.
VI. On Censure.
VII. To *Phillis*. A Song.
VIII. The Answer to *Phillis*.
IX. The World despis'd.
X. On a Head of a Colledge, who made a Mouse-Trap.
XI. On the present Debates about Religion.
XII. The infallible Physician.
XIII. On Self-Interest.
XIV. To a cross young Baggage in the City.
XV. On the *French* King's Success against the Confederate Fleet in the late War.
XVI. The Answer.
XVII. On seeing Mrs. *S——th*, one of the Maids of Honour.

PART the Fourth.

To be continu'd Occasionally. By several good Hands.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

REFLECTIONS,

Moral, Comical, Satyrical, &c.

The Retirement; or, The Poet's laſt Wiſh.

HAIL, my Delight! All hail, thou happy Shade!
Under whoſe Branches once lov'd *Cowley* lay'd.
Hail, ye *Cherſean* Groves! All hail, ye Woods
And Silver Swans! All hail, ye Nymphs and Floods.
Whoe'er near *Thames* fair Streams have their Abodes,
(The ſweet Retirement both of Men and Gods)
Hail ev'ry happy Mortal ſeated there!
So near to Buſ'neſs, and ſo far from Care.
Bleſs'd with th' Enjoyment that full Plenty yields
In *Nature*'s Garden, the luxurious Fields,
Where ſoft Contentment rears its verdant Head
On ev'ry humble Plant, and ev'ry moſſy Bed:
There ſtretch'd at Eaſe, true Satisfaction lies,
That all the Noiſe and Heat of *London* flies.
Like Slaves Men toil in that tumultuous Town,
And only Free-men are; when here lay'd down,
They can their Labours at their Leiſure crown;
Under an Elm or Walnut's Branches reſt,
And be all Day with Peace and Plenty bleſt;
With all Things decent for a rural State,
To make Men happy, not to make them great;

For *Nature* here has in Perfection ſhown
The Pride and Grandeur of a pompous Town.
Which Folly makes Men mimick, but in vain;
No *Tyrian* Dye can give the Violet Stain,
Or Roſe or Gilliflow'r be dy'd in Grain.
The beauteous Green the homely Holly wears,
Laſts her, without Repair, ſome hundred Years.
Such frugal Ways *Nature* inſtructs the Hind,
And with wiſe Leſſons cultivates his Mind.
He muſt be happy, that her Laws purſue;
For what ſhe dictates, is what we ſhould do.
Oh! happy State of happy Man firſt made,
Ere of himſelf or Solitude afraid;
But of the Joys of Life could take his Fill,
Nor wanted ought to do it, but his Will.
He ſaw Delight, and had it at Command;
Pleaſure and Appetite went Hand in Hand.
But what is *Eden*, if it cannot pleaſe;
For with his Garden 'twas he loſt his Eaſe?
Oh! ſad Exchange! from ſuch a cool Retreat,
To mix with Crowds and Buſtle in the Heat,
To gain the Bread of Life with Care and Sweat!
How unconcern'd does that Man live, how free,
Like the firſt State of happy Liberty,
That ſeats himſelf in his own little Store,
Nor hoards up Wealth, nor wiſhes to have more,
But looks with chearful Pleaſure on his own,
And ſmiles at the falſe Gems that fill a Crown?
Round his own Incloſure takes the wholeſome Air,
And finds his Satisfaction in his Fare.
When having lopp'd his Trees, or prun'd his Vine,
On coarſe clean Linnen can be pleas'd to dine
With Pork and Peaſe, without Deſert or Wine?

This

This is the utmoſt Heaven can beſtow
To wretched Man, while he remains below.
We ſeek for Eaſe, and Reſt is what we'd have,
But ſeldom met with, 'till we meet the Grave;
There's this Relief that Solitude does give;
It eaſes, for it buries us alive.
Free from the Clamours of the noiſy Bar,
And the more dreadful Tumults of the War;
From Court-Contentions, and the jealous Fears,
That conſtantly invade the Stateſ-man's Ears;
From all the diſmal Accidents of Fate,
That do on Men of Trade and Bus'neſs wait;
From Cries of Orphans, and from Widows Tears,
Where Sorrow in its Train of Pomp appears.
Theſe are the ſhocking Strokes of human Life,
Theſe foreign Cares, or elſe domeſtick Strife.

A Paſtoral upon the Death of Capt. John Tutchin, *late Author of the* Obſervator. *In a Dialogue between* Lycidas *and* Menalcas.

Sent by a Gentleman, and deſir'd to be inſerted.

Men. SAY from what Spring theſe diſmal Sorrows flow;
Why theſe unmanly Tears, and ſolemn Woe?
Have cruel Wolves your fleecy Charge beguil'd?
Or has *Neæra* on your Rival ſmil'd?

Lyc. Safe are my Flocks, by *Pan*'s propitious Care;
Nor does my Paſſion diſoblige the Fair.

A nobler Cauſe makes me this Anguiſh feel,
And roots me to the Earth, on which I kneel.
I hate the Light, I loath the chearful Sun,
And wiſh the Race of Life and Nature done.
To eaſe my Wounds, no Herbs the Field contains,
No Sweets the Vale, no Joy the verdant Plains:
For oh! *Menalcas*, once the Shepherd's Pride,
In Death's ſad Vale does all his Beauties hide,
And unreveng'd, ſees *Pluto*'s (*a*) dreadful Bride.

Men. Juſt are your Sighs, yet fruitleſsly you mourn
What to theſe Woods and Groves will ne'er return.
Suſpend your pious Woes, admit Relief,
Nor avaritiouſly indulge your Grief:
But if you'll grieve, in Muſick make your Moan;
Lament *Alexis* Pains, and eaſe your own:
In laſting Numbers, let the Shepherd live
Deathleſs in Fame, which only you can give;
For when you ſing, the Graces round you throng,
Approve your Paſſion, and attend your Song.
Such charming Accents ſtrike the raviſh'd Ear,
The happy Dead not ſofter Muſick hear.

Lyc. Since you command, I'll try the Power of Rhimes,
And vindicate his Worth to future Times;
But equally let each perform his Part,
And ſhare his Praiſes, as we ſhar'd his Heart.

Men. Before ſoft Down to ſhade his Chin began,
His Senſe and Courage fully ſpoke him Man.

(*a*) *Proſerpina*, the Daughter of *Ceres*, was marry'd to *Pluto*, King of Hell. Note, That Hell, according to the Fictions of the ancient Poets, was, in the modern Senſe, a Heaven for the Good, as well as a Place of Puniſhment for the Bad.

When

When e'er the Swains contended on the Green,
He was for Vigor and diſtinguiſh'd Mein,
Amongſt ten thouſand eminently ſeen.

Lyc. Fierce Beaſts of Prey did once our Plains invade,
Levell'd our Folds, and vaſt Deſtruction made.
Some cautious Shepherds fled th' impending Harms,
And poorly fearful, durſt not take up Arms;
Whilſt others, flatter'd by Revenge or Gain,
Forſook the Int'reſt of the Woods and Plain,
And richer grew by Murders and the Slain.

Men. *Bacchus* (*b*) the Vine, kind *Flora* guardes our Flow'rs,
And chears their Beauties with indulgent Show'rs;
Pomona Fruit, *Ceres* does Corn reſpect,
And bold *Menalcas* did the Swains protect.

Lyc. I know it well, for I my Self was near;
No Shepherd braver did in Arms appear:
Vigorous and hot, he led the daring Van,
And by his Choice the bloody Fray began. (*c*)

Men. Proud of the Cauſe Religion did afford
Of Fame and Freedom, truſted to his Sword:
With Senſe of Honour, and of Glory fir'd,
He fought like one Revenge or Zeal inſpir'd,
And ſlow with Wounds, (*d*) unwillingly retir'd.

Lyc. Say, not that *Fate* was to his Merit blind,
Too partial Heav'n, or Providence unkind.

(*b*) *Bacchus* was the God of Wine; *Flora* the Goddeſs of Flowers; *Pomona* of Pears and Apples; and *Ceres* of Corn.

(*c*) Mr. *Tutchin* was Captain of Grenadiers under the Duke of *Monmouth*. 'Tis the Buſineſs of the Grenadiers to make the firſt Attack.

(*d*) Mr. *Tutchin* was wounded at *Sedgmore*.

Ill Chance of War his latent Worth reveal'd,
Which prosp'rous Hours, perchance, had long conceal'd.

Men. Vanquish'd and took, yet careful of his Fame,
Unwilling to sustain inglorious Shame,
He courted Fate, and with a noble Pride,
Demanded Death, the Chance of War deny'd. (*e*)

Lyc. From the wide Sea these Silver Springs begun,
Fed by its Waves, eternally they run.
But Streams of Sense, we to *Alexis* owe,
Clear as our Rills, they will for ever flow.

Men. Lyæus (*f*) first indulg'd the Village-Wine,
And taught our rural Swains to dress the Vine:
To part our Fields, *Ægyptian* Artists found
The readiest Way, (*g*) and how to measure Ground.

Lyc. Arion's (*h*) Airs could list'ning Stones inspire,
And drew the Woods sequacious to his Lyre.
His flatt'ring Notes harmoniously confin'd
To Reason Brutes, could make the *Panther* kind,
And *Savage* Man in peaceful Fetters bind.

Men. But wiser Arts *Alexis* taught the Swains,
What Laws and Customs would enrich the Plains;
With what religious Zeal we should pursue
Our Country's Good, and gen'rous Actions do.

(*e*) Mr. *Tutchin*, when taken, and sentenc'd to be whipp'd yearly, petition'd King *James* to be executed.

(*f*) *Lyæus* is another Name for *Bacchus*.

(*g*) The *Ægyptians* first invented Geometry.

(*h*) *Arion* was a famous Musician. 'Twas fabl'd by the *Greeks*, That he could make the Stones and Trees follow his Harmony.

Lyc.

Lyc. He taught 'twas baſe the Martial Field to fly,
That Swains in Battel vanquiſh'd ought to die,
And on their Mother Earth extended lie.
That certain Bliſs ſuch honeſt Wounds beſtow;
The wounded Joy above, their Friends below.

Men. The *Græcian* Bards (*i*) did with reſiſtleſs Art
Affect the Ear, but never touch'd the Heart.
Alexis Breath could *Savage* Beaſts controul,
And with perſwaſive Accents move the Soul:
With ſtronger Charms than theirs the Mind he bound,
And did with Senſe, what they perform'd with Sound.

Lyc. Poppies the Fields, Lillies the Vales adorn,
Arcadia (*k*) Graſs, *Sicilian* Furroughs Corn.
Woods are the Mountains Grace, the Meadows Flowers,
And oh! the Swain *Menalcas* once was ours!

Men. High as the Alps above the Valleys ſhow;
Tall as the Cedars to the Shrubs below;
Bright as our Rivers to the foaming Main,
So far *Alexis* vanquiſh'd evr'y Swain.

Lyc. *Sparta* (*l*) for Strength, *Rome* was for Arms renown'd;
Athens (*m*) for Wit, a Reputation found:
But to *Menalcas*, Nature did impart
Strength, Judgment, Honour, and a daring Heart.

Men. Ceaſe your luxurious Praiſe, the Swain's no more,
And I for ever muſt his Loſs deplore.

(*i*) *Orpheus* and *Arion*.
(*k*) *Arcadia* was famous for Grazing; *Sicily* for Corn.
(*l*) *Sparta* produc'd Men of extraordinary Strength.
(*m*) *Athens* was famous for Wit.

'Tis true, his Merits were beyond Relief;
But whilſt we ſing, my Wounds find no Relief;
We ſwell his Fame, but not impair my Grief.

Lyc. The lowing Cattel bid us Home repair,
And fly the Rigours of the Evening Air:
Thick hazy Clouds from Streams and Fountains riſe,
And Village-Smoak above the Cottage flies.

A Song on Tunbridge-Wells.

ONE Summer's Morn I roſe,
And trudg'd to *Tunbridge-Wells*,
To ſee the *London* Beaus,
And all the pretty Bells.

When I came there to walk,
I ſaw, *Jack*, ſuch a Pother;
And all were free to talk,
As we to one another.

Juſt like a Country Wake,
Each Lad was with his Laſs;
And ev'ry Man did ſtake,
To ſee who firſt ſhould paſs.

I pluck'd my Money out,
Was forward to begin;
But they had thrown about
E'er I'ad my Teſter in.

At laſt the Box came round;
I threw at all they ſet,
'Till a bluff Captain frown'd,
And ſwore he would not bet.

I took the Hint; away
Stepp'd I from off the Place,
Sneaking, as who ſhould ſay
Roger had ſhown his Face?

But e'er I well was gone,
Up ſteps a handſome Beau,
And aſk'd me, *Why alone?*
And, *Whither I would go?*

The Man he was ſo kind,
I could not well deny;
To drink he had a Mind,
He ſaid, and ſo I faith had I.

Away to th' Inn he goes,
And after him I went;
When in comes twenty Beaus,
For whom we never ſent.

But they were all well bred
And civil, you'd have ſwore,
'Till all their Gold was fled,
Then they'd like Dragons roar.

At laſt, *Jack*, as hard Fate,
Decreed my Deſtiny,
I loſt my new Eſtate,
And am juſt as you ſee.

Full forty *Engliſh* Marks
Poor cully'd *Roger* loſt;
And had I not cajoll'd th' Sparks,
I'd been in Blanket toſt.

To Lariſſa, *on her leaving me without telling the Cauſe. An Epiſtle.*

TWice has the Empreſs of the ſilent Night
Supply'd the Abſence of her Brother's Light;
As oft her Brother did his Light renew,
And long-expected Day reſtor'd to View,
Since from theſe Arms unkind *Lariſſa* flew.
Not all the tender Things that I could ſay,
Whilſt proſtrate at her Feet I dying lay;
Not Sighs or Tears could bribe the Nymph to ſtay.
What have I done? O! tell me my Offence,
And be not deaf to begging Penitence.
If I have err'd, 'twas *Chance* betray'd my Tongue;
'Twas no Deſign produc'd th' unwilling Wrong.
Loath to offend, with duteous Care I ſtrove,
And by Degrees endeavour'd to improve
Your tender Pity, 'till it turn'd to Love.
O! can you blame me? Who can ſee thoſe Eyes,
And not with Joy become their Sacrifice?
I own I love: If that's a Crime, O! why
What once ſh' approv'd, ſhould my *Lariſſa* fly?
I call to Mind ——
As on the ſedgy *Severn*'s Banks we ſtood,
Viewing the Labours of the rapid Flood,
We chanc'd to ſpy two peaceful *Halcyons* reſt
On a ſupported Wave's tempeſtuous Breaſt.
Amaz'd to ſee with how ſecure a Pride
The feather'd Pair in Triumph ſeem'd to ride,
Scorning the ſawcy Swelling of the Tyde;
You firſt (for you the Object firſt diſclos'd,
Upon my Arm your bending Head repos'd)
With pitying Sighs the Story did relate
Of *Ceyx* and *Alcyony*'s ſad Fate,

In

In ſuch ſoft Notes the dying Swan once ſung;
Such were the Accents of her dying Tongue.
A ſudden Sorrow ſeiz'd my yielding Heart,
And Floods of Tears did from their Fountains ſtart.
So artfully the mournful Scene you drew,
I could have ſworn the piteous Tale was true.
If others Fates can ſuch Compaſſion move,
How could you bear your own unhappy Love?
This Tenderneſs, ſaid you, I ſo admire,
More than your Friendſhip, *Damon*, or your Fire.
If bluſhing I this free Confeſſion make,
Freely I give what you with Pride may take.
I long have try'd, and all your Actions prove,
That *Damon*'s only worthy of my Love.
O Extaſy! O Joy immortal! At the Sound
I raviſh'd ſtood; my Speech no Paſſage found;
Joy preſs'd ſo faſt, that Life had almoſt fled,
And the whole Man ſeem'd for a Moment dead;
'Till thy ſweet Voice recall'd my fleeting Life;
So powerful was the Name, the Charm of Wife.
Happy a while, as Gods we liv'd, as bleſt;
No Storm aroſe, to rob us of our Reſt;
No Day paſs'd on, but boaſted to have been
A happy Witneſs of ſome pleaſing Scene;
'Till *Fate* grown envious at our laſting Bliſs,
In one ſhort Hour deſtroy'd our Happineſs.
Yet, would'ſt thou yield, we might renew its Date,
Revive our Joys, and a freſh Spring create,
And ſafely ſmile at diſappointed *Fate*.
So might Proſperity, and endleſs Joy
Of our Life's Actions, every Hour employ;
And no rude Accident diſturb our Peace,
But new Joys ſpring, faſt as the old decreaſe;

With a perpetual Stream of Pleasure flow,
That the least Stop from Time might never know.

On a Gentleman who took his Cloaths on Tick.

WHy you so spruce, and I so thread-bare grown?
Enquiry being made, will soon be known;
You wear your Taylor's Cloaths, and I my own.

On Censure.

SOme Debts are pay'd their Principal,
Their Interest some, some not at all;
But Debts commenc'd on Censure's Score,
Are always pay'd the Whole, and more.

To Phillis. *A Song.*

I.

DEar *Phillis*, since thy pow'rful Charms
Have forc'd me from my *Celia*'s Arms,
A sure Defence against all Pow'rs,
But those resistless Eyes of yours;

II.

Think not the Conquest to maintain
By Rigor, or unjust Disdain:
In vain, fair Nymph, in vain you strive;
For Love doth seldom Hopes receive.

III.

III.

Or, if it languiſh for a Time,
Whilſt all your Glory's in the Prime;
May juſtify the Cruelty
By that ſame Pow'r that conquer'd me.

IV.

When *Age* ſhall come, at whoſe Command
Thoſe Troops of Beauty muſt diſband.
A Tyrant's Strength once took away,
What Slave ſo dull, as to obey?

V.

This threat'ning Danger to remove,
Make me believe at leaſt, you love;
Diſſemble well, and by that Art,
Preſerve and govern ſtill my Heart.

VI.

But, if you'll learn a nobler Way
To ſave your Empire from Decay,
For e'er hereafter fix your Throne;
Be kind, but kind to me alone.

The Anſwer to Phillis.

I.

INconſtancy, and not my Charms,
Has forc'd you from your *Celia*'s Arms;
Whoſe Pow'r was once a ſure Defence,
To any, but your fickle Senſe.

II.

Think not your Courtſhip to maintain
By loving here and there again.
In vain, fond Shepherd, 'tis in vain;
Love ſeldom doth ſurvive Diſdain.

III.

III.

Or, if it ſeem ſo for a While,
To find the Language of a Smile;
They are but courtly Fallacies,
Which your Diſſembling juſtifies.

IV.

No Youth ſhould be ſo fond, t' expect
To be belov'd, and yet neglect:
There's none ſo fond to be a Slave,
To ſuch as know not what they'd have.

V.

Theſe certain Dangers to avoid,
We'll not be by your Art decoy'd:
Believe, that by our Loves, we can
Controul the Fickleneſs of Man.

VI.

No, no; we know a ſurer Way
To keep our Empire from Decay;
And better on you fix our Throne,
By being kind t' our Selves alone.

The World deſpis'd.

I.

IN vain, fond Wretch, in vain thou do'ſt employ,
And all thy Strength and Labour ſpend,
Thy Strength and Labour to no End,
For that thou never, never ſhal't enjoy.

II.

Thou ſeeſt, alas! by Honeſty,
Nor Wealth, nor Riches, Fame, nor Dignity,
Succeſs thy Pains ſhall never crown;
Thou roll'ſt the Stone that ſtill comes tumbling down.

III.

III.

Go, silly Fool, go; all the World surround,
Search Records of Antiquity,
And Chronologick Mystery;
Then tell me where, and tell me whom thou'st found?

IV.

Whose Greatness did from Vertue spring;
Vertue, that worthy, but that worthless Thing;
That always hitherto was seen
With Nothing, no Reward, but having vertuous been.

V.

Pish; tell of Men, and tell how thou do'st know
All Human Arts, and Arts Divine;
That all the Sciences are thine,
And can'st more Works than dull *Tostatus* show.

VI.

But if thou would'st thy Self advance,
Prethee be wise, and learn more Ignorance.
Merit, alas! does but unfit;
He's qualify'd the best, has least of it.

VII.

Preferment's like a proud and peevish Dame,
Whom, if with Zeal thou still pursue,
With Love that merits, 'cause 'tis true,
She colder grows, and freezes all thy Flame.

VIII.

But if another does her slight,
Like *Parthian* he conquers by his Flight;
She loves, because he does despise,
And breaks into a Flame that's kindl'd by his Ice.

IX.

Such Fate have those, whose rare accomplish'd Parts
Might challenge all Preferment has,

That ſhe flies them, as if there was
A Devil rais'd i' th' Circle of their Arts.

X.

What makes the pious Man turn Anchoret;
All worldly Grandeur to forego;
To very Friendſhip turn a Foe;
Shut up himſelf, and bid the World good Night?

XI.

As if he meant Heaven to get,
By never coming within Sight of it.
Pretender unto Wiſdom, gueſs,
Why Torment ſhould be made a Way to Happineſs?

XII.

Come, if thou can'ſt this Stratagem deſcry,
Why any ſhould Misfortune court,
And with his Ruin choſe to ſport?
Come, tell the Cauſe of all this Sophiſtry?

XIII.

'Tis this the pious Knave does know;
He muſt be poor, then vows he will be ſo.
And can'ſt thou hope for Honour then
From that Religion, which too truly humbles Men?

XIV.

Miſchief light on this World's unequal Dice,
That Men ſhould merit to be poor!
That there ſhould be no Vertue, but in Vice,
Nor Pleaſure found, but in a Whore!

XV.

Nor does it only happen to Mankind;
In very Brutes we may this Torment find;
Whilſt nobler Creatures ſhe does ſcorn;
Nature with Pearl the Toad's Head does adorn.

On a Head of a College, who made a Mouſe-Trap.

By Mr. Tho. Greene.

YOU wiſely, Sir, (ſitting one Day at Eaſe)
Found out a Way to ſave your *Ceſtrian* Cheeſe.
But hold ; pray let us ſee this fine Machine ;
Alas ! the Mouſe cannot get out or in.

On the preſent Debates about Religion.

By the ſame.

I Wonder what theſe nice Diſtinctions mean, (Men ?
'Tween zealous High-Church, and proud Low-Church-
When we ſhall all at God's juſt Bar appear,
Think you, he'll aſk us of which Church we are ?
No, no : Let then this fooliſh Diff'rence reſt,
They're of the trueſt Church, that live the beſt.

The infallible Phyſician.

By the ſame.

I.

I'Ve a Pill for the Gout, and a Pill for the Stone,
Which any may take at Leiſure ;
They may chance to be well, if they let 'em alone,
For they work at the Patient's Pleaſure.

II.

II.

I ſcowr the Door of the Citadel d'Amour
Of each young wanton Doxy,
And ſoon make a Virgin of her, who before
Had very roundly Pox'd ye.

III.

The *North-Britiſh* Itch I can cure in a trice,
Without either Brimſtone or Milk;
For the Ladies or Lairds, I have got a Device
To make their rough Skins ſmooth as Silk.

IV.

I've a Plaiſter that's good for to ſtrengthen the Back,
Of the old Sires, as well as the young,
Far beyond Jelly-Broths, or rich *Malaga*-Sack,
That will make you both fat and ſtrong.

V.

Were you Bed-ridden, this would revive you again,
Reſtore both your Health, and your Beauty:
But the Reaſon why 'tis ſo much priz'd by the Men,
Is, 'cauſe it makes 'em do their Duty.

VI.

If any ſhould chance for to have the Miſhap,
By ſporting in *Venus*'s Garden,
To get either Pox, Gonorrhœa, or Clap,
I'll cure, or be not pay'd one Farthing.

VII.

A fine Powder I've got, that will faſten the Teeth,
Will make 'em both white and clean;
Rich Lozenges too, to ſweeten the Breath;
And an Antidote 'gainſt the Spleen.

VIII.

Young Green-ſickneſs Maids, who're deeply in Love,
Whoſe Hearts go pit-a-pat,
I eaſe, and ſoon their Pains remove,
And know what they'd be at.

IX.

Then read, judge, and try, ere you find it too late,
Unleſs you've mind to repent ye;
For when I once know what it is you'd be at,
I am ſure I alone can content ye.

V.

On Self-Intereſt.

IT's a Miſtake, to think Men move
All by Self-Intereſt, and Self-Love;
For, ſad Experience makes us know,
That Self's to Self the greateſt Foe.

To a croſs young Baggage in the City.

I.

IS then my Love ſo tireſome grown?
Go, peeviſh Creature, go;
I'll quit your dirty ſmoaky Town,
Since you will have it ſo.

II.

Not that I think I ſhould obey
What you are pleas'd t' enjoin;
O'er me ſome other ſhall bear Sway,
Since you will not be mine.

III.

Conſider, tho' you're handſome now,
The Time will one Day come,
That you will find you are not ſo,
But mourn a Loſs of Bloom.

IV.

Then, when you look into your Glaſs,
With Wonder you'll ſtart back,
To ſee a wither'd alter'd Face,
While your poor Heart does break.

V.

This is Love's Harveſt-time of Year,
A Time to turn the Penny;
You'll cry, when once you ugly are,
O! any! good Lord, any!

On the French *King's Succeſs againſt the Confederate Fleet in the late War.*

By Madam de Scudery. *Done into* Engliſh.

FAlſe to your Vows, ſincere Religion's Foe,
Trayt'reſs to Kings, and God, that made 'em ſo;
Vanquiſh'd *Britannia* to our Monarch yield,
Nor think of Conqueſt in the azure Field.
Propitious Heav'n does Juſtice to his Fame;
By Sea or Land his Triumphs are the ſame:
With Fear acknowledge his ſuperior Odds;
By Fear he rules, like the immortal Gods:
His fiery Bolts the Fate of War decide,
And quell the *Britiſh* and *Batavian* Pride.
The dreadful Storms upon the Ocean, ceaſe
At his Approach, and tremble into Peace.
So *Jove* in Thunder does his Pow'r diſplay,
And when he ſmiles, he chears the welcome Day.

This Epigram was judg'd very near Blaſphemy. It pertakes of that fulſome Flattery which only now reliſhes at the Court of *France*. Upon the beating the *French* Fleet, and burning their Towns, the following Anſwer was return'd by a *German* Poet.

The

The Answer Englisht'd *thus.*

NO longer now the *Gallick Neptune* braves
Great *Albion's* Fleet, or ploughs the *British* Waves,
But press'd with Fear, his trembling God-head saves.
Lost to his Fame, his tarnish'd Glories dead,
In Pain he seeks old *Amphitrite's* Bed. (*a*)
Awake the God, distracting Troubles keep;
St. Malo's bomb'd, and cannonaded *Diep:*
Drive from his weary Lids indulgent Sleep;
For Heav'n's bright Realm the wat'ry Monarch strove
With Hell's dire King, and the Almighty *Jove:* (*b*)
Now humbler grown, and weary of his State,
He would with *Proteus* (*c*) change his sullen Fate;
That altering Forms, he might not well be known,
Nor jeer'd by Gods for his defenceless Throne.

(*a*) *Amphitrite* is usually suppos'd to be *Neptune's* Wife, the Goddess of the Ocean.

(*b*) The three Brothers, *Jove*, *Neptune*, and *Pluto*, (according to the Poets) threw Lots for the Empires of Heaven, the Sea, and Hell; the Power to command the Ocean, fell to *Neptune.*

(*c*) *Proteus* was a sort of a Marine God, that could transform himself into any Resemblance.

On seeing Mrs. S----th, *one of the Maids of Honour.*

IS this the lovely Fair, whose conqu'ring Eyes
So many Flames create, and Jealousies?
Is this the Nymph, whose dear bewitching Face
Adds a new Warmth to ev'ry circl'ing Glass?
While Poets, when some Beauty they'd prefer,
In various borrow'd Names, still sing of her?

Is't

Is't ſhe, whoſe Glories thus adorn the Throne,
Which thrice illuſtrious *Anna* ſits upon?
She, whoſe bright Charms more *Britiſh* Hearts ſubdues,
Than in the Field our *Anna*'s Hero Foes?
'Tis ſhe: So fair and lovely ſhe's, you'd ſwear,
That *Phœbus* borrow'd his bright Rays from her.
Her conqu'ring Eyes with ſuch a Luſtre ſhine,
As muſt be both divine and genuine.
Boaſt then, ye Bards, no more of ancient Tale;
No more let *Venus* in your Verſe prevail;
Loudly no longer ſing the am'rous Boy,
Who for the *Græcian* Maid, conſum'd his *Troy*.
Let *Fame*, in buſy Tongues, no longer dare
Proclaim the Beauties of the foreign Fair.
Our *Britiſh* Store abundantly ſupplies
The World with Conqu'rors, and with conqu'ring Eyes.

FINIS.

22 JY 63

Juſt publiſh'd,

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